

Did my heart loue till now, forswear it sight,
For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice, should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To floure and scorne at our Solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why how now kinsman,
Wherefore storme you so?

Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our Solemnitie this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo* is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire prence, and put off these frownes,
An ill befeeming semblance for a Feast.

Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
He not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What Goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the Maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests:
You will set cocke a hoope, youle be the man.

Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a sawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts, you are a Princ Cox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
He make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.

Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*

Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.

Iul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do touch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Iul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

Iul. Saints do not moue,

Though grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Iul. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd:
Giue me my sin againe.

Iul. You kisse by th' hooke.

Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you.
Rom. What is her Mother?

Nur. Marrie Batcheler,

Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wise, and Vertuous,
I Nur't her Daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?

O deare account! My life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. I fo I feare, the more is my vnrest.

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it 'ne so? why then I thanke you all.

I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.
Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late,
He to my rest.

Iul. Come hither Nurse,

What is yond Gentleman?

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio*.

Iul. What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?

Nur. I know not.

Iul. Go aske his name: if he be married,

My graue is like to be my wedded bed.

Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,

The onely Sonne of your great Enemy.

Iul. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,

Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,

Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,

That I must loue a loathed Enemy.

Nur. What's this? what's this?

Iul. A rime, I leane euen now

Of one I can't withall.

One calls within, Iuliet.

Nur. Anon, anon:

Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale Loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue access
To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in Loue, her means much lesse,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, means to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?

Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Merc. He is wise,

And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good *Mercutio*:

Nay, he coniure too.

Merc.

Merc. *Romeo*, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one rime, and I am satisfied:

Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,
Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, I must coniure him,
I coniure thee by *Resolines* bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quivering thigh,
And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Merc. This cannot anger him, 't would anger him

To raise a spirit in his Mistress circle,

Of some strange nature, letting it stand

Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,

That were some spight.

My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistress name,

I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees

To be comforted with the Humorous night:

Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke.

Merc. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,

Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,

And with his Mistress were that kind of Fruite,

As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,

O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were

An open, or thou a Poprin Pear,

Romeo goodnight, He to my Truckle bed,

This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,

Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here

That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*

Rom. He ieafts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne.

Arise faire Sun and kill the enuius Moone,

Who is already sicke and pale with grieffe,

That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:

Benot her Maid since she is enuius,

Her Vestall liuery is but sicke and greene,

And none but foolles do weare it, cast it off:

It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that she knew she were,

She speaks, yet she sayes nothing, what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it:

I am too bold 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest starres in all the Heauen,

Haueing some businesse do entreat her eyes,

To twinkle in their Spheres till they returne.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head,

The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,

As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,

Would through the ayrie Region streame so bright,

That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:

See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.

O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,

That I might touch that cheeke.

Iul. Ayme.

Rom. She speaks.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art

As glorious to this night being ore my head,

As is a winged messenger of heauen.

Vnto the white vturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And failes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?

Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,

And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

Iul. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:

Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,

What's *Mountague*? it is not hand nor foote,

Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name

Belonging to a man.

What? in a names that which we call a Rose,

By any other word would smell as sweete,

So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,

Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,

Without that title *Romeo*, doff thy name,

And for thy name which is no part of thee,

Take all my selfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,

Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night

So stumblest on my counsell?

Rom. By a name,

I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name deare Saint, is hateful to my selfe,

Because it is an Enemy to thee,

Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iul. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words

Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.

Iul. How cam'st thou hither.

Tell me, and wherefore?

The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here,

Rom. With Loues light wings

Did I ore-perch these Walls,

For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,

And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Iul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,

Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,

And I am prooffe against their enmity.

Iul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes

And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,

My life were better ended by their hate,

Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue.

Iul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By Loue that first did prompt me to enquire,

He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,

I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far

As that vast-shore-washer with the farthest Sea,

I should aduenture for such Marchandise.

Iul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,

Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,

For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,

Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie

What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,

Doest thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,

And